

CLEVELAND JOURNAL

A WEEKLY FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES

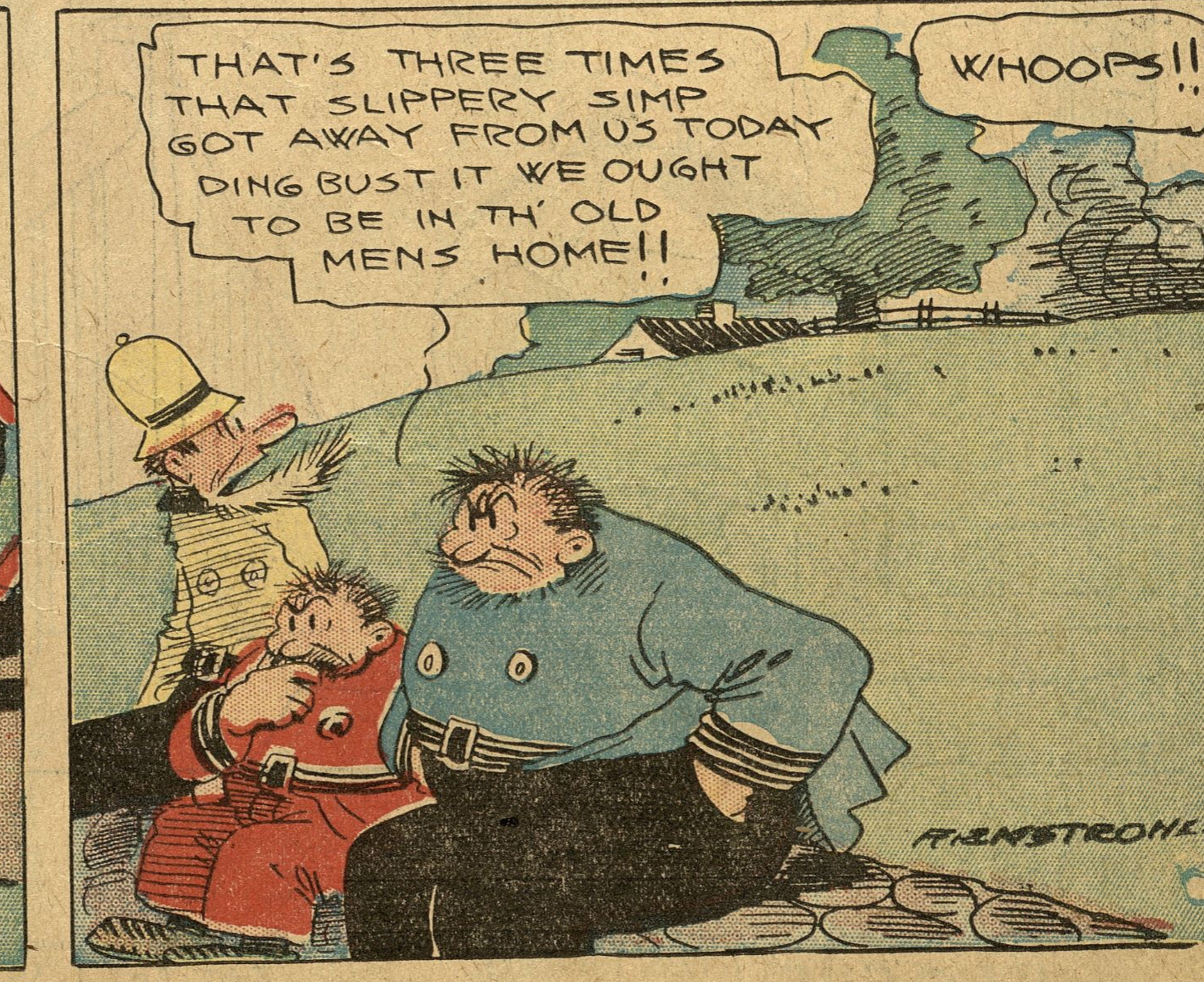
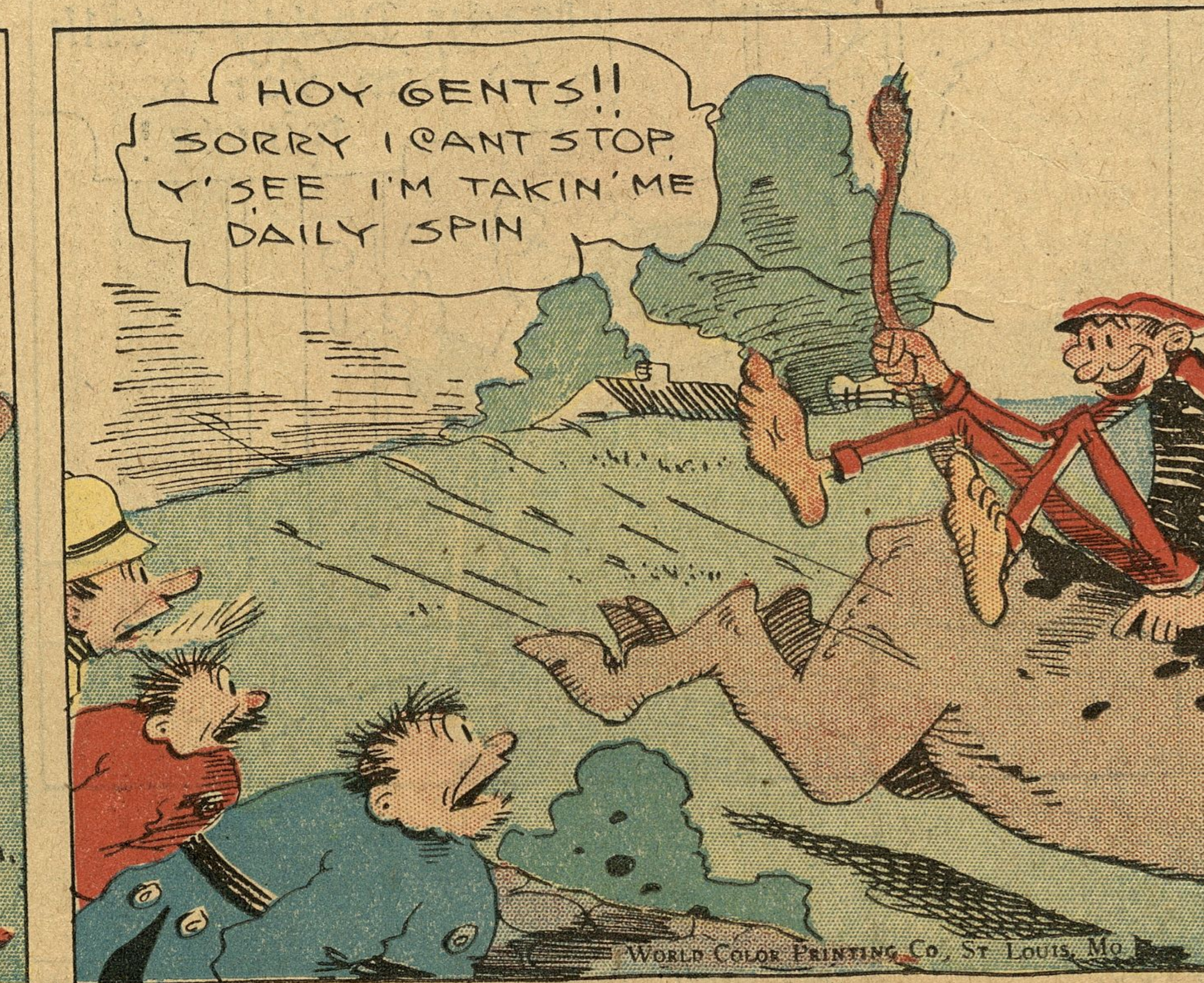
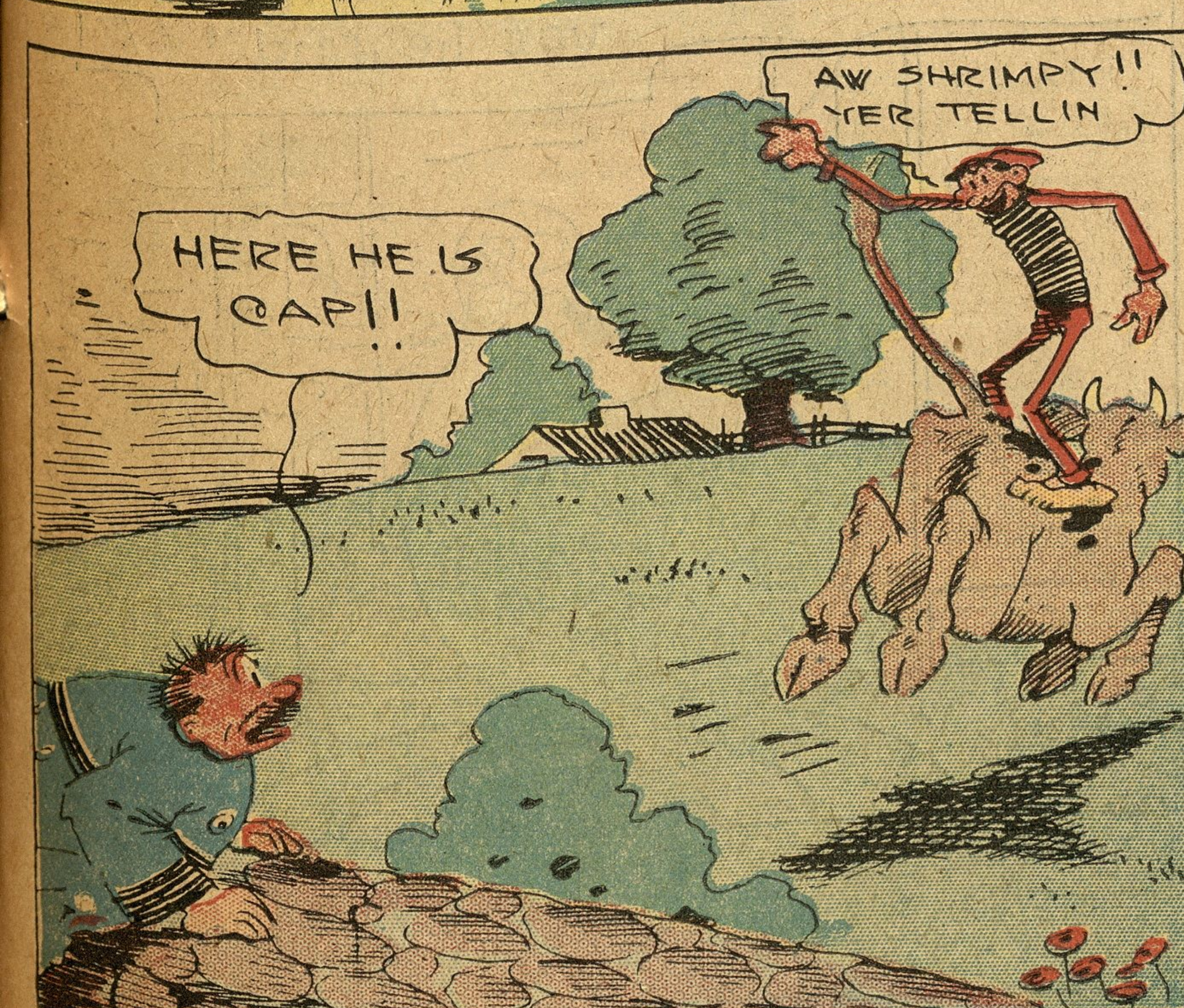
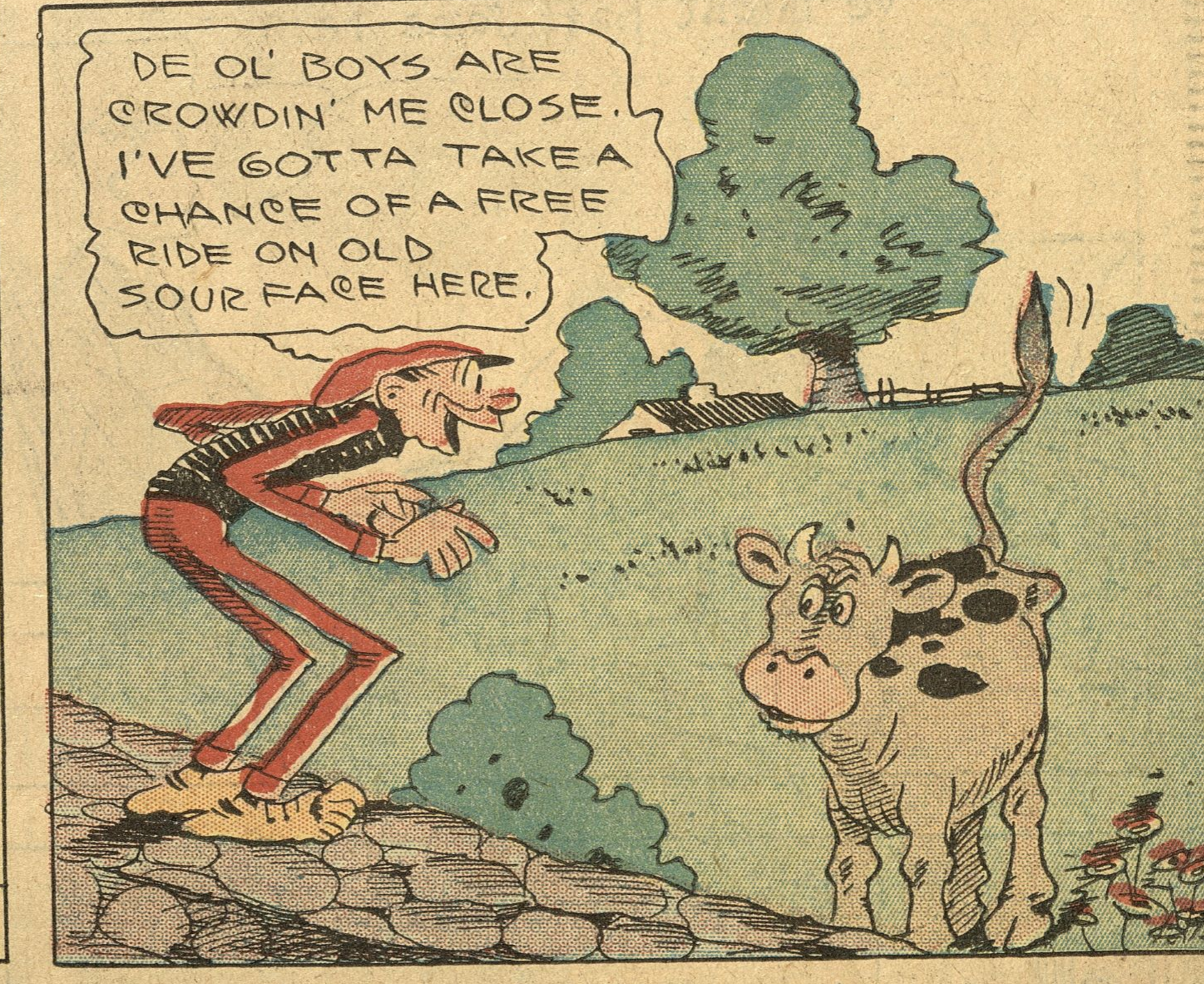
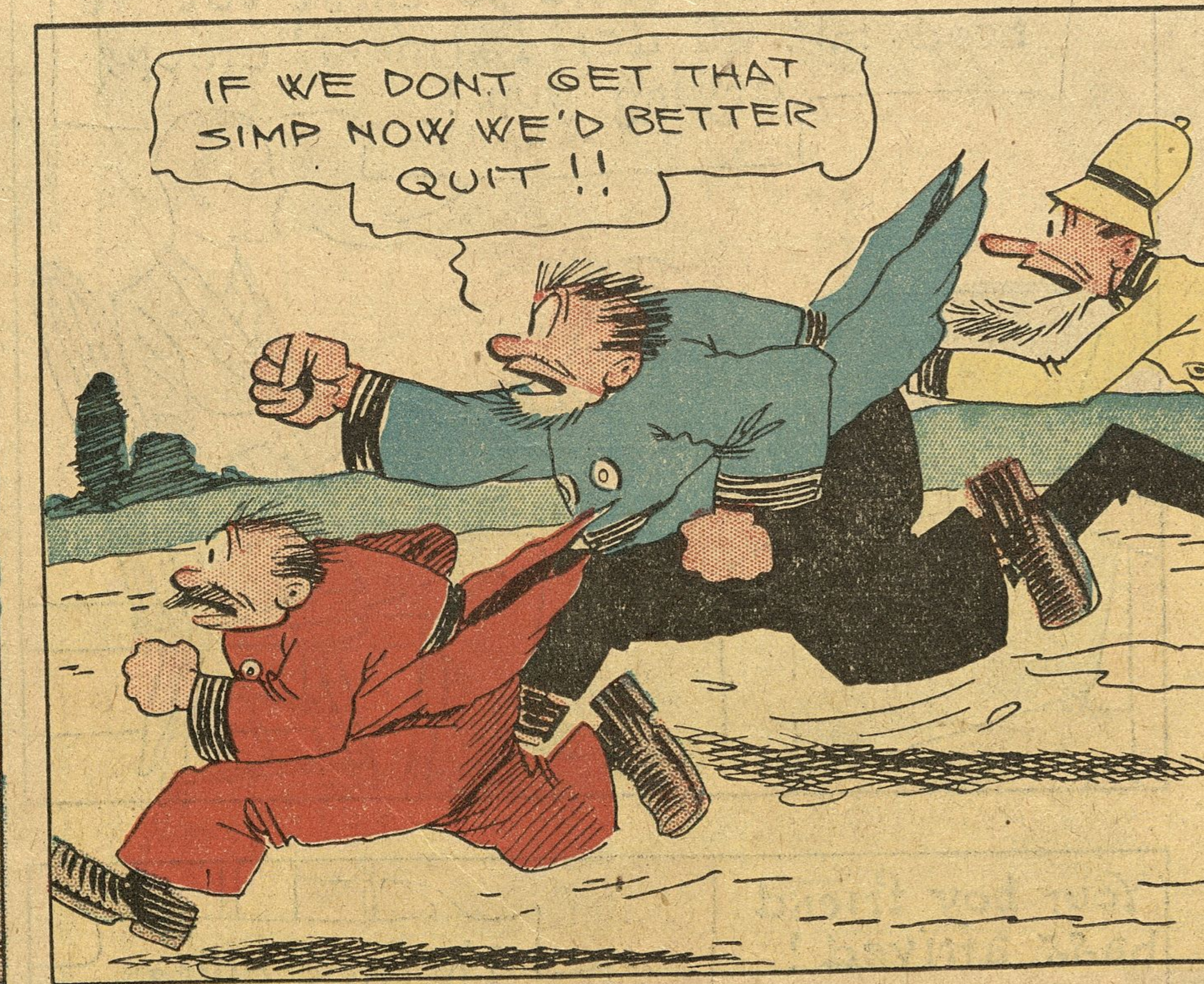
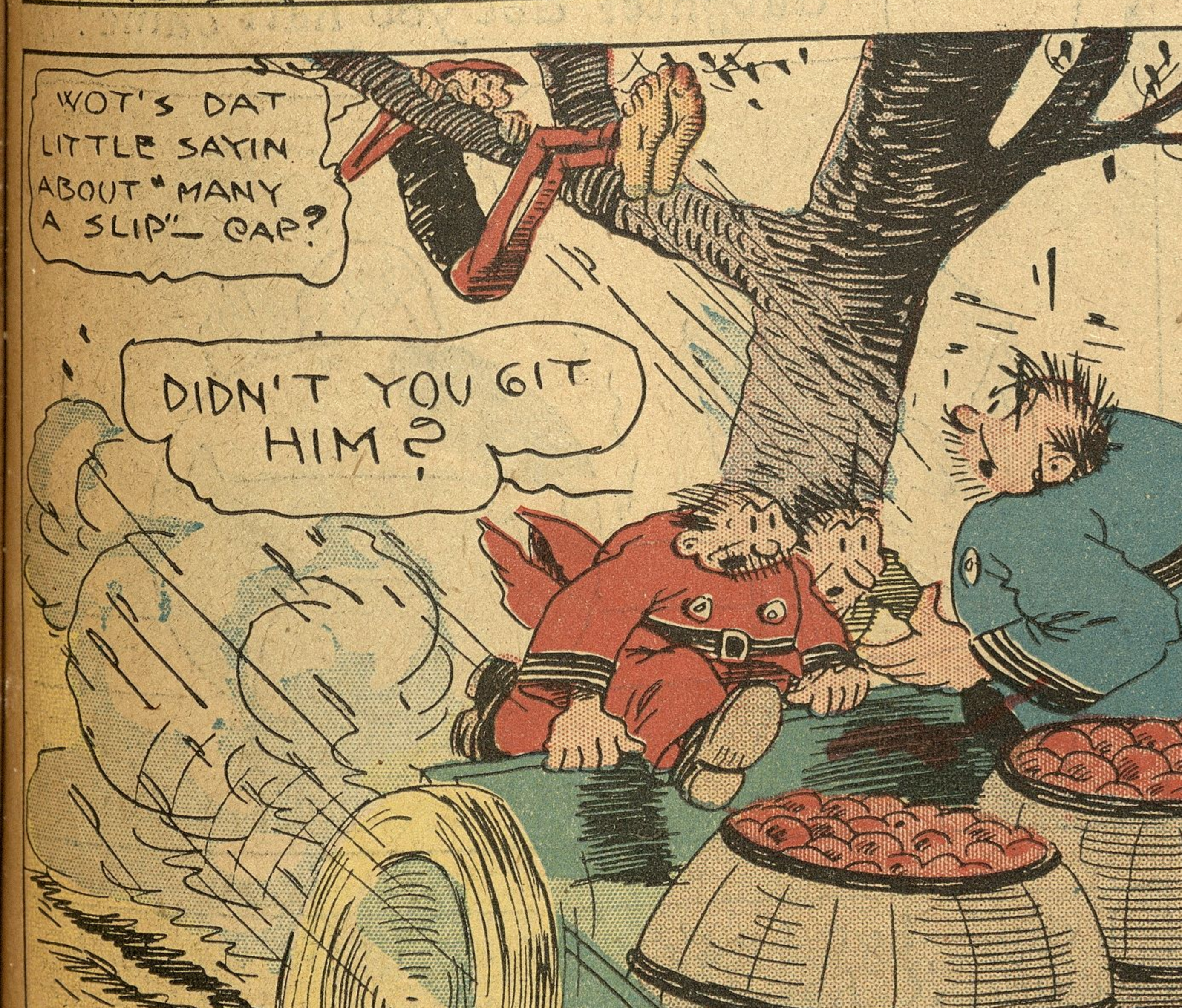
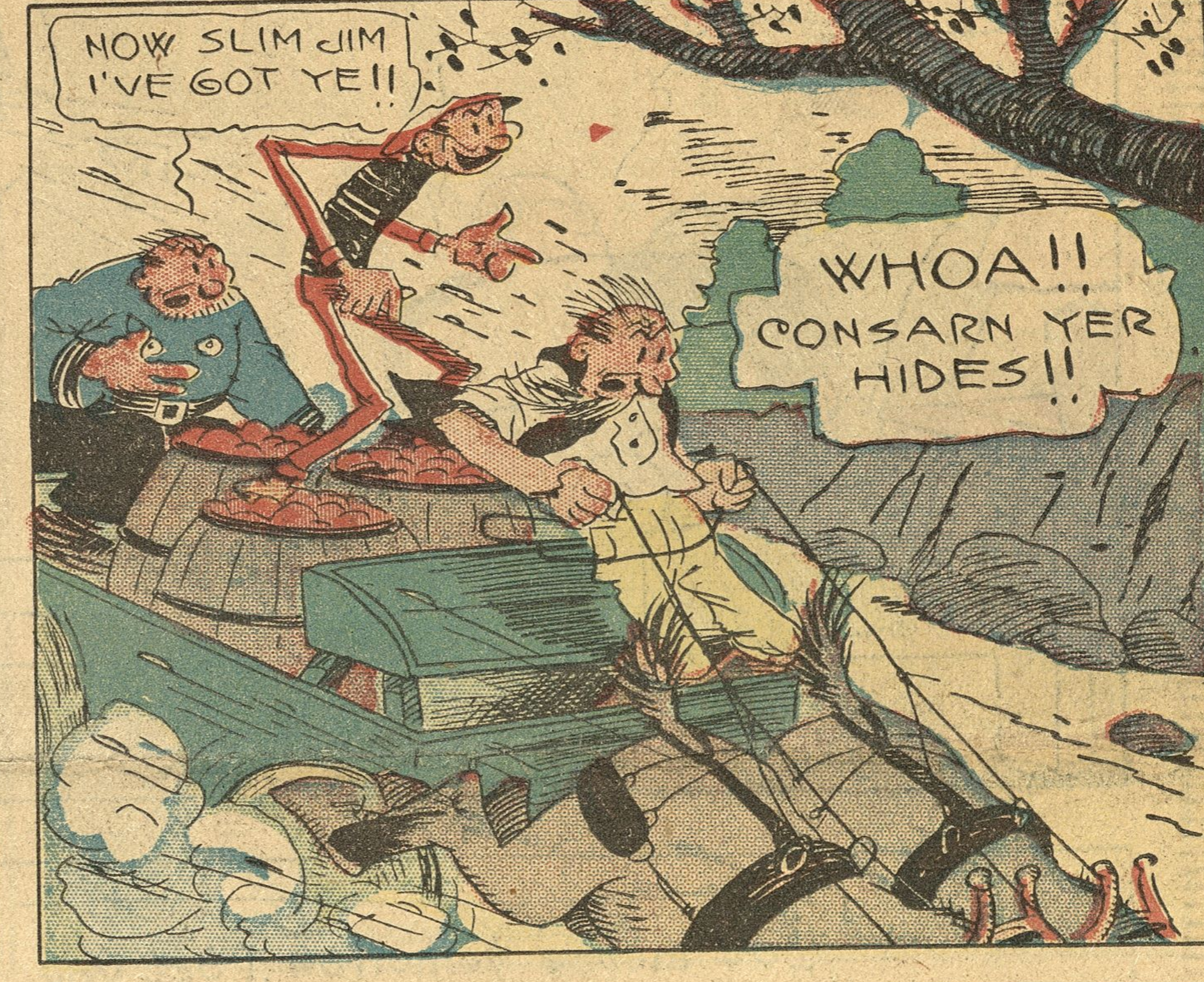
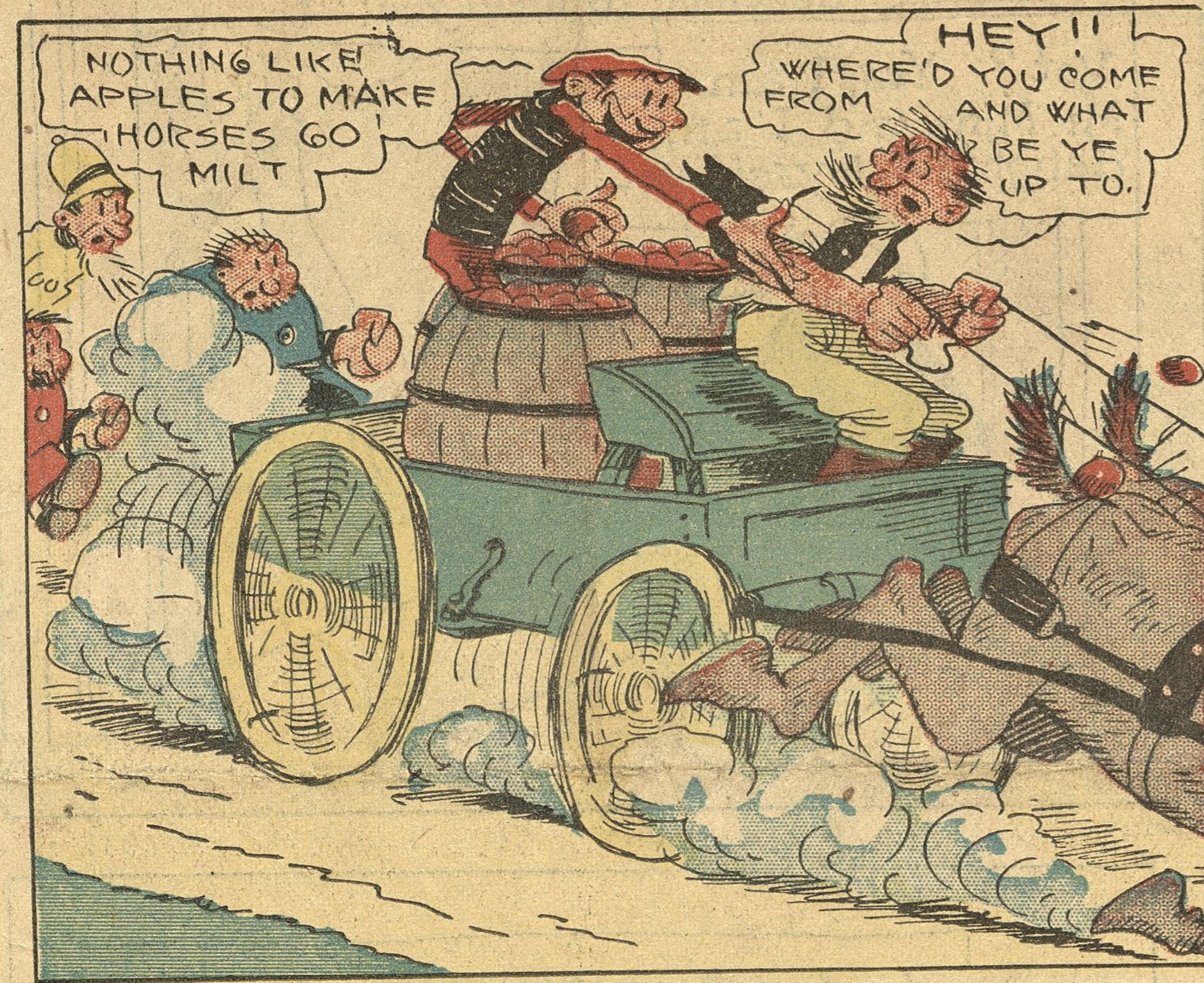
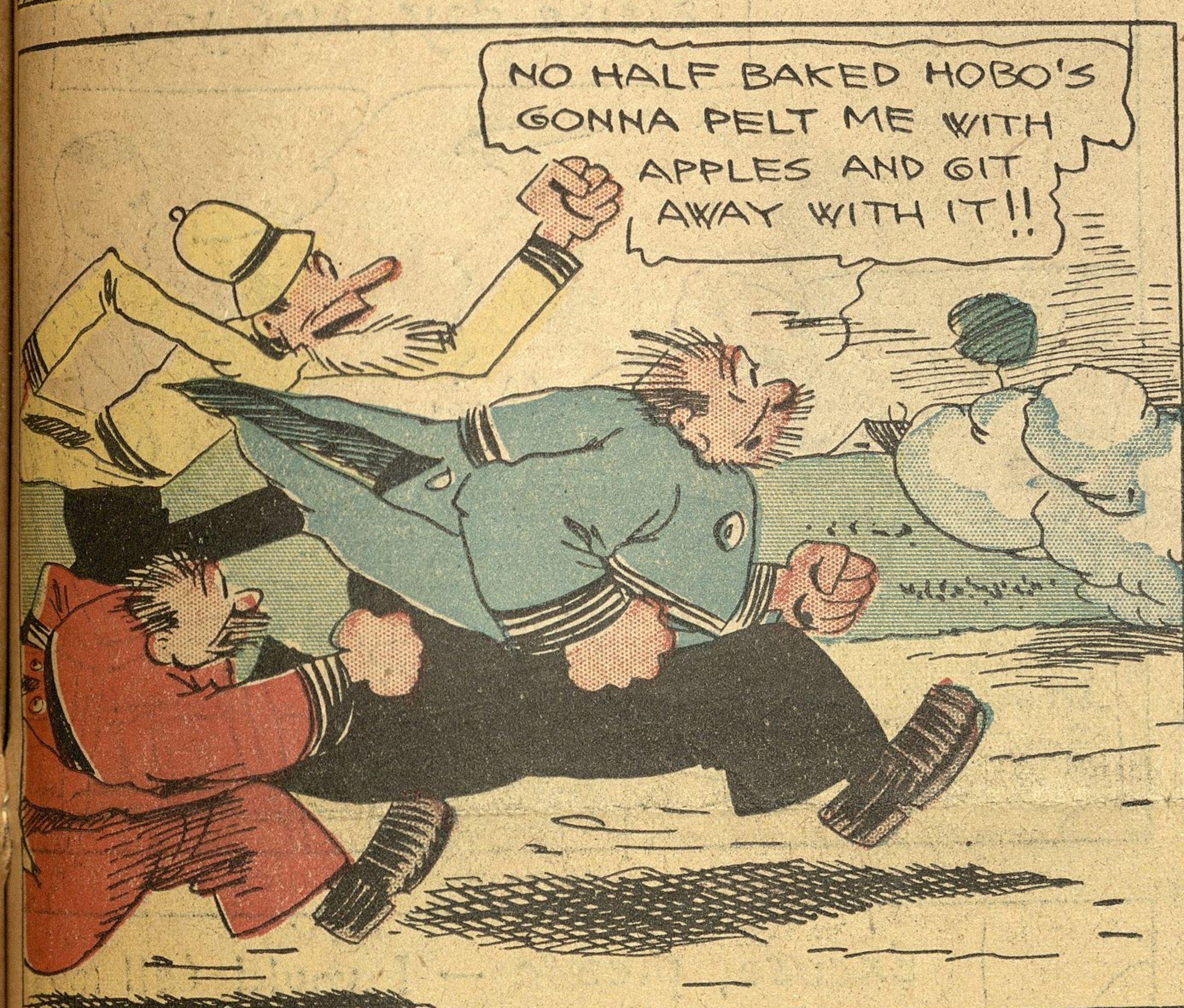
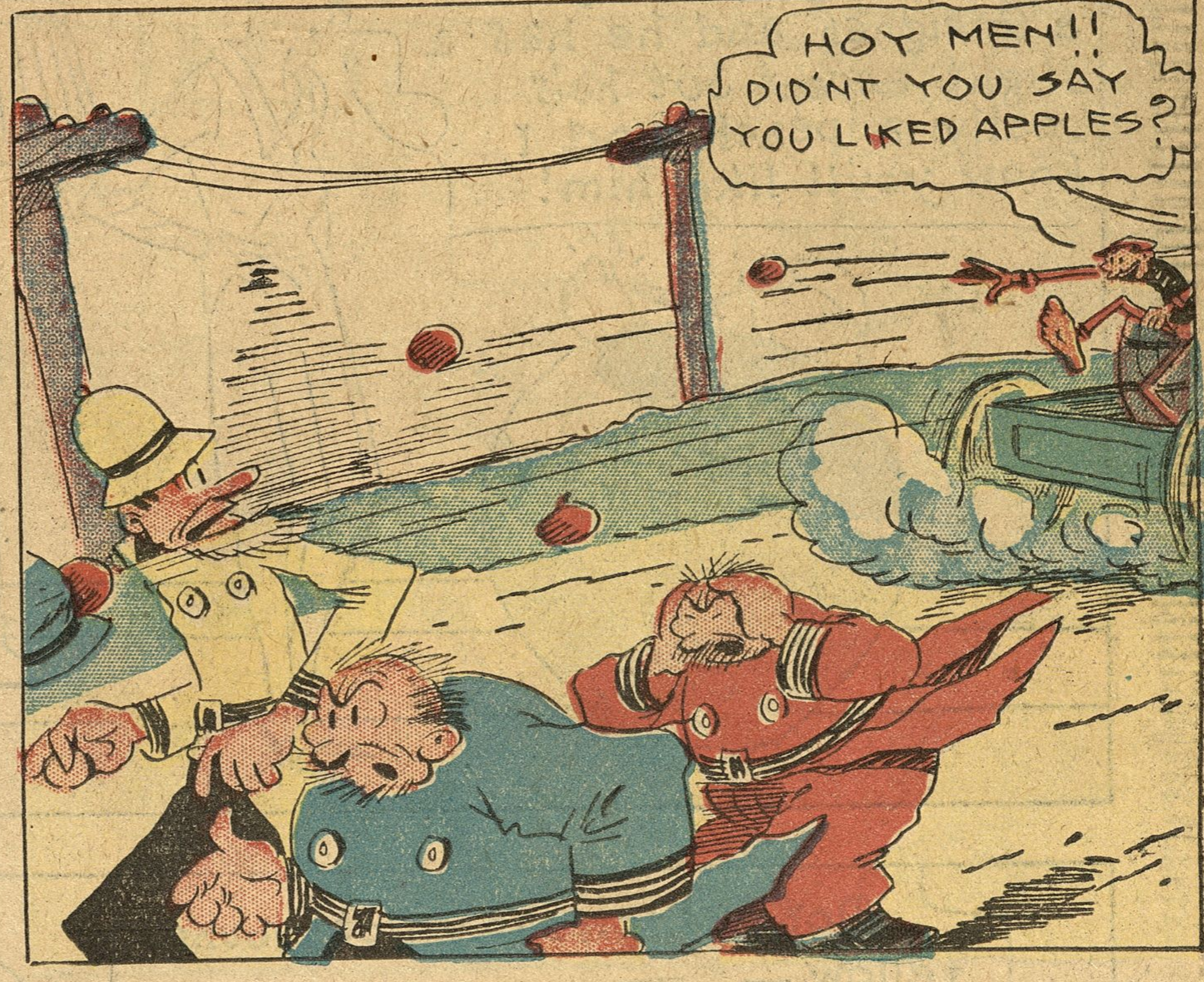
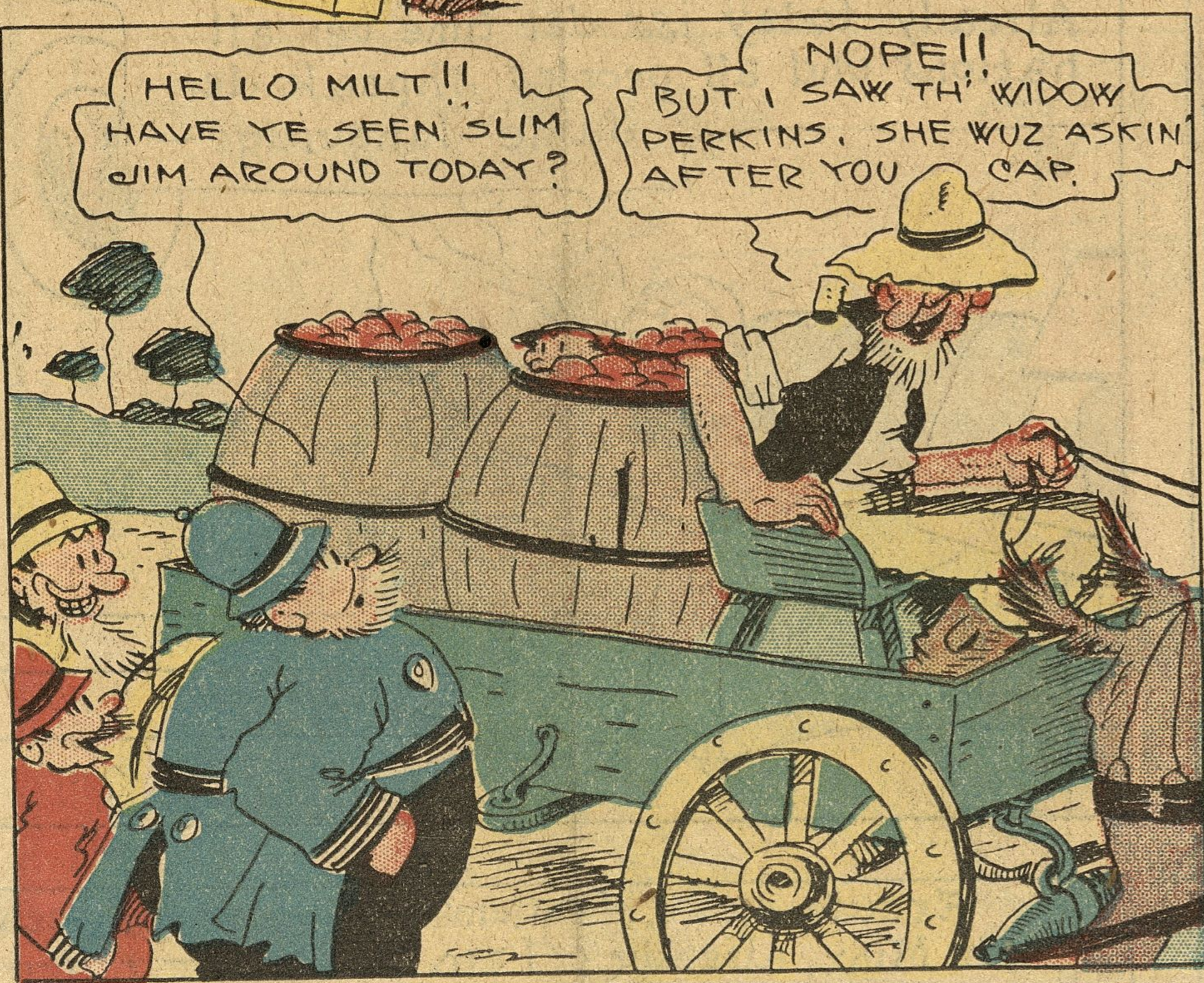
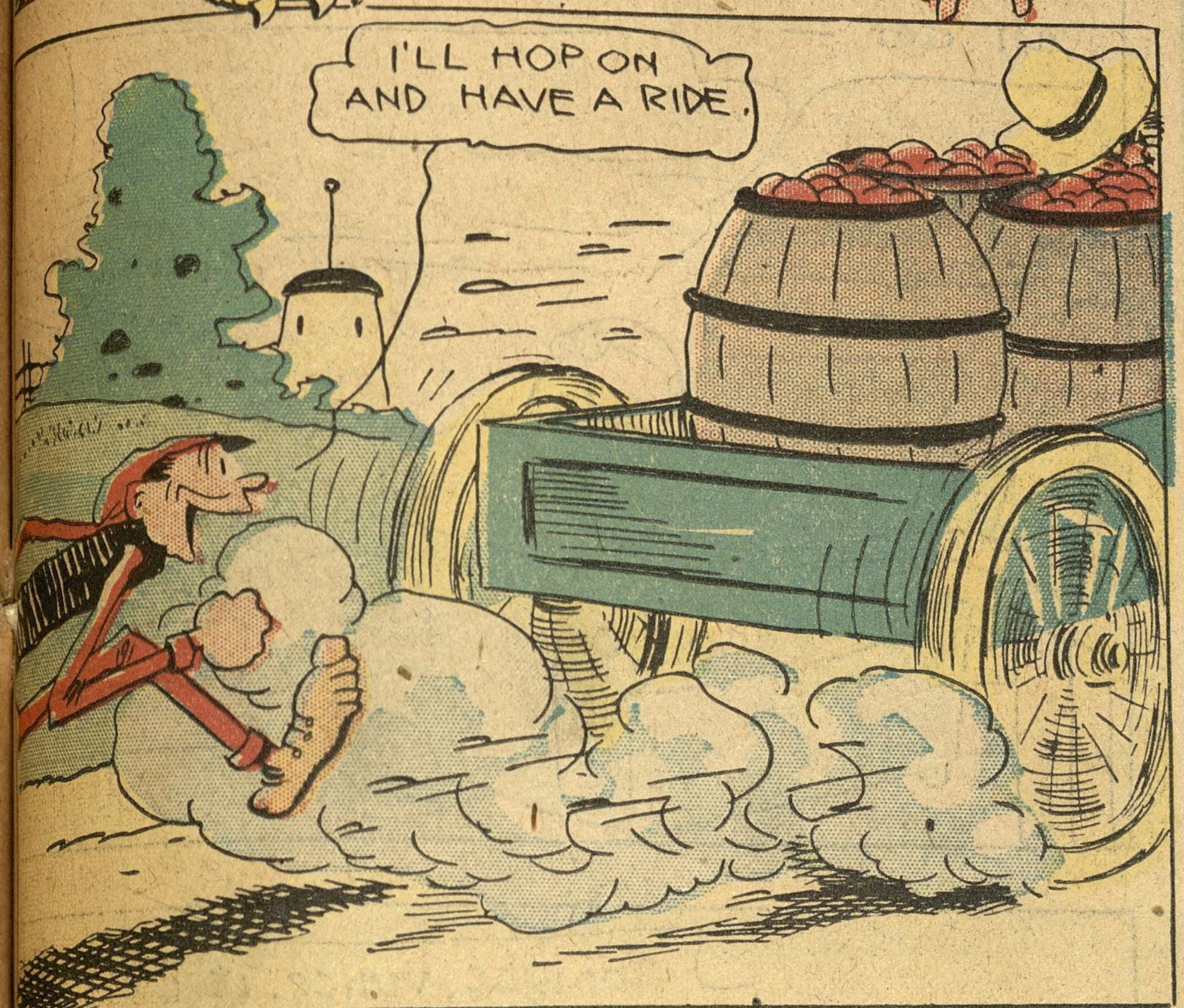
Cleveland, Ohio, Friday,

October 23, 1931

SLIM JIM AND THE FORCE

SIM PETERS IS SUCH A DUMBBELL THAT HE THINKS A FOOTBALL COACH HAS FOUR WHEELS

SLY SAYINGS BY SLIM JIM



ROUGH NECK
MOVIE OF THE CLEANER, CLEANED.

LISTEN, THERE'S TEN GUYS IN THIS SHACK THAT I -

DON'T LIKE, I'M SORE AT 'EM, SEE, - I'M GOIN' IN -

AND CLEAN THE PLACE OUT, YOU STAND HERE

AND COUNT 'EM AS I KICK 'EM OUT.

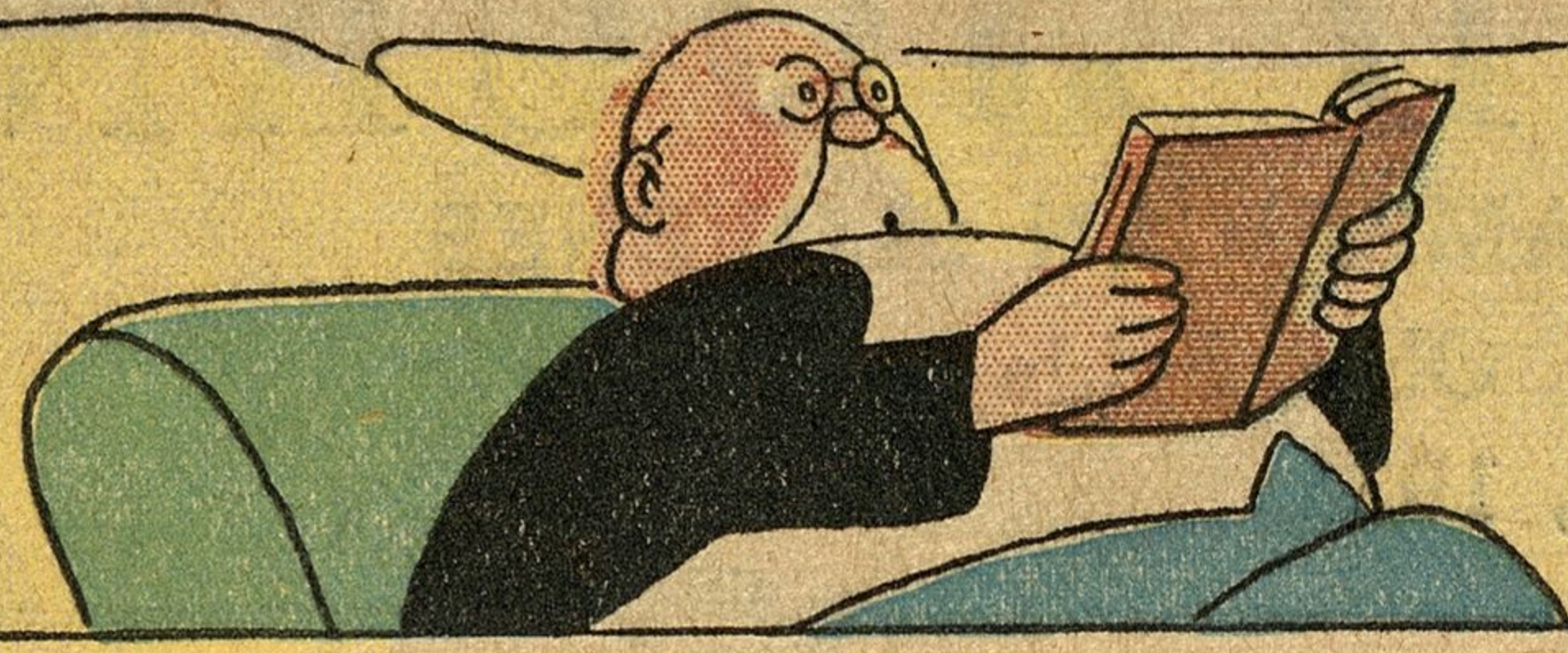
ZAM BANG ZOOEY BING

ONE

NEVER MIND, IT'S ME!

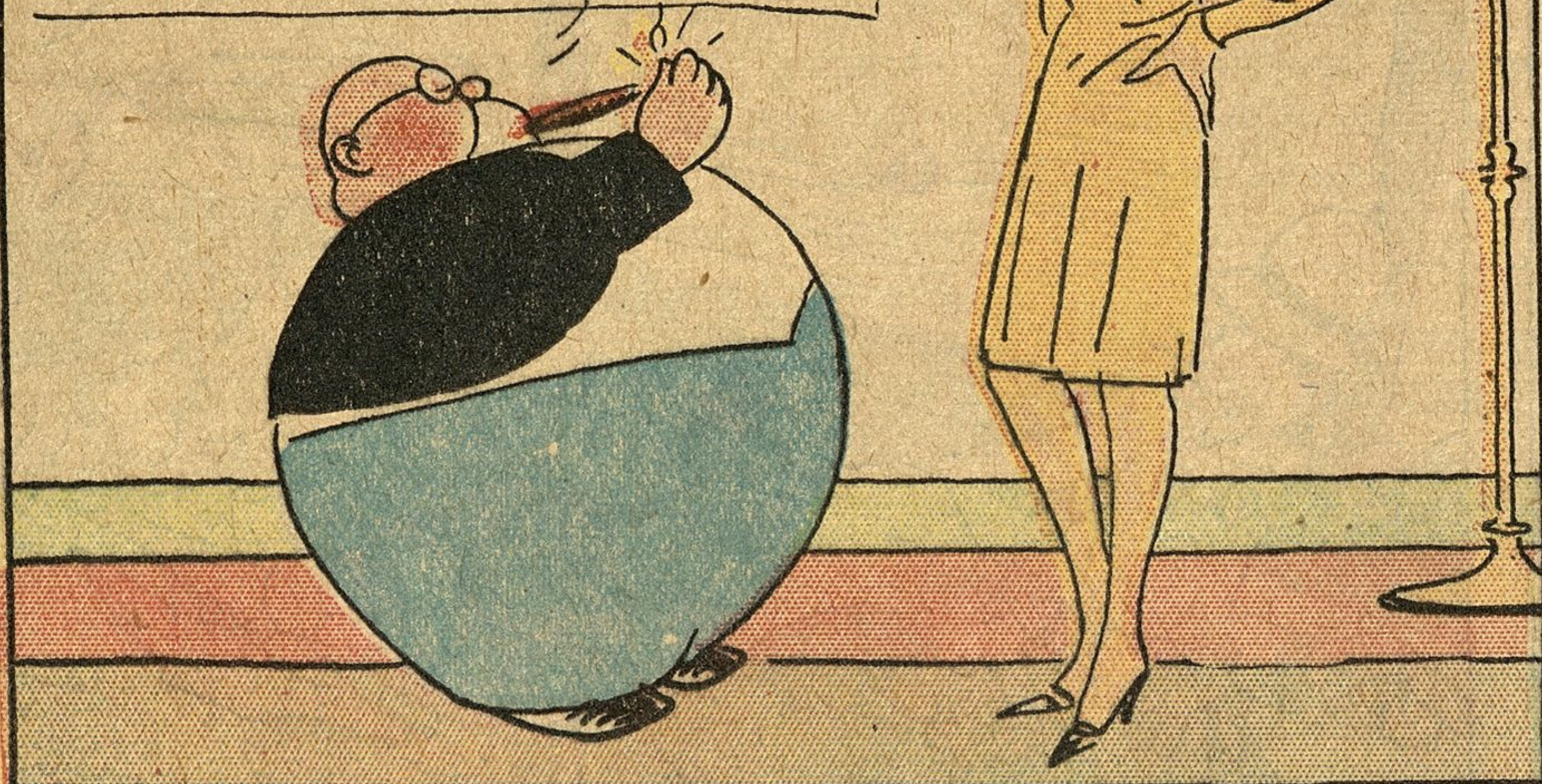
World Color Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Der study of langvidges, mit der correct pronunciation of warts, hass been mit me always a Subject of der greatest impertinence!

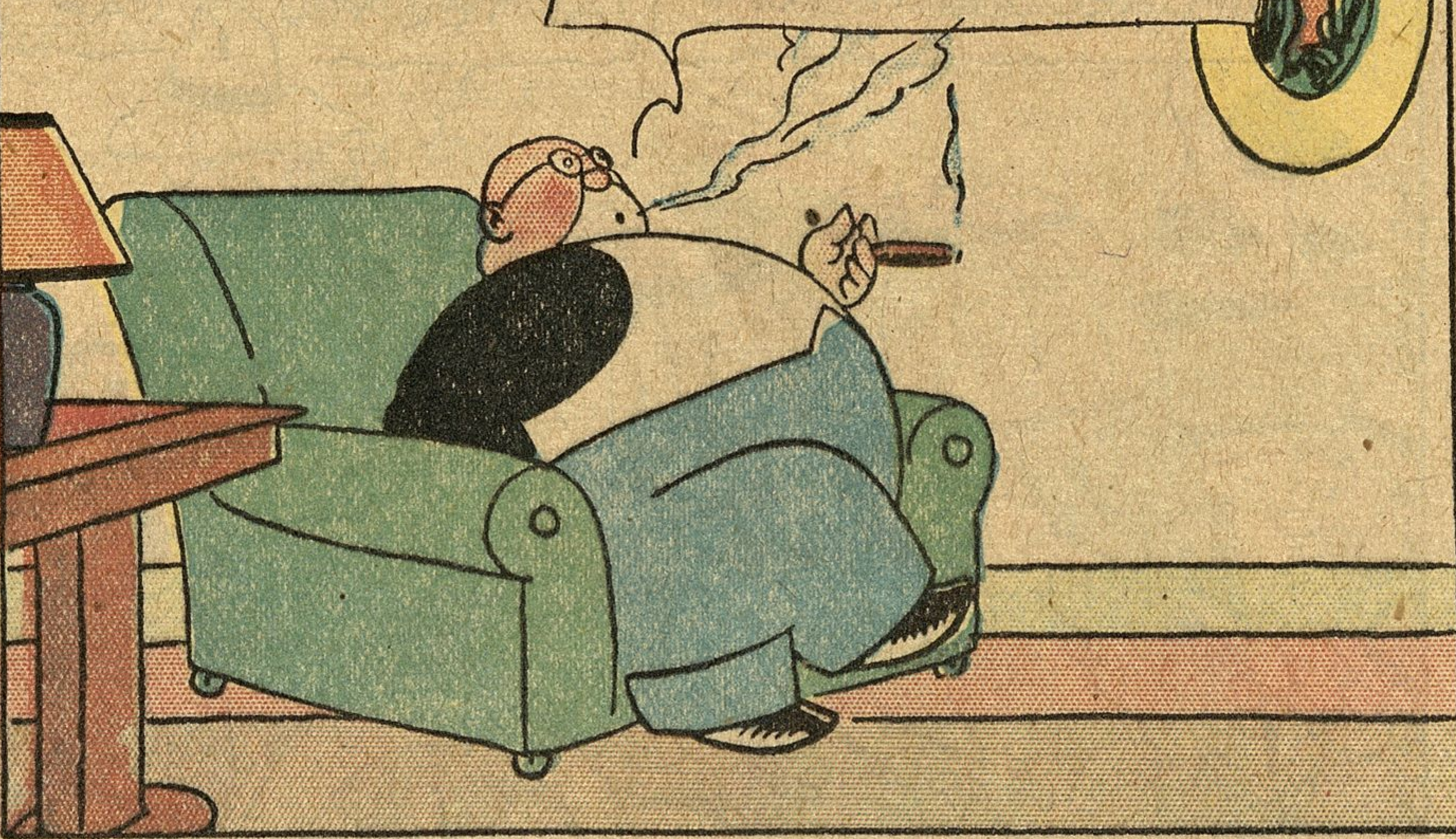


The Outline of Oscar

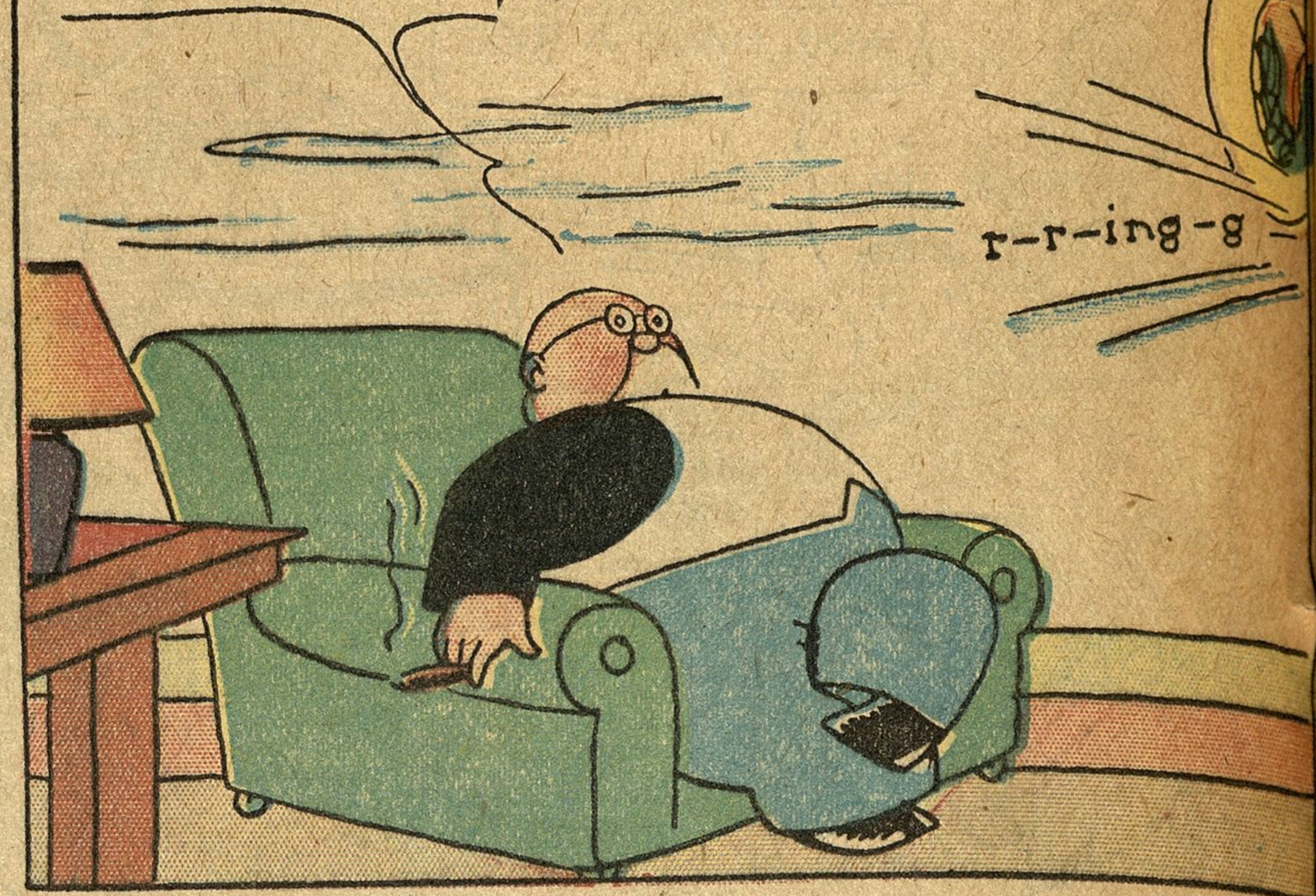
Daddy, there's the nicest boy coming up tonight! He's a foreigner and he has a slight accent but he's really a peach and I know you'll like him!



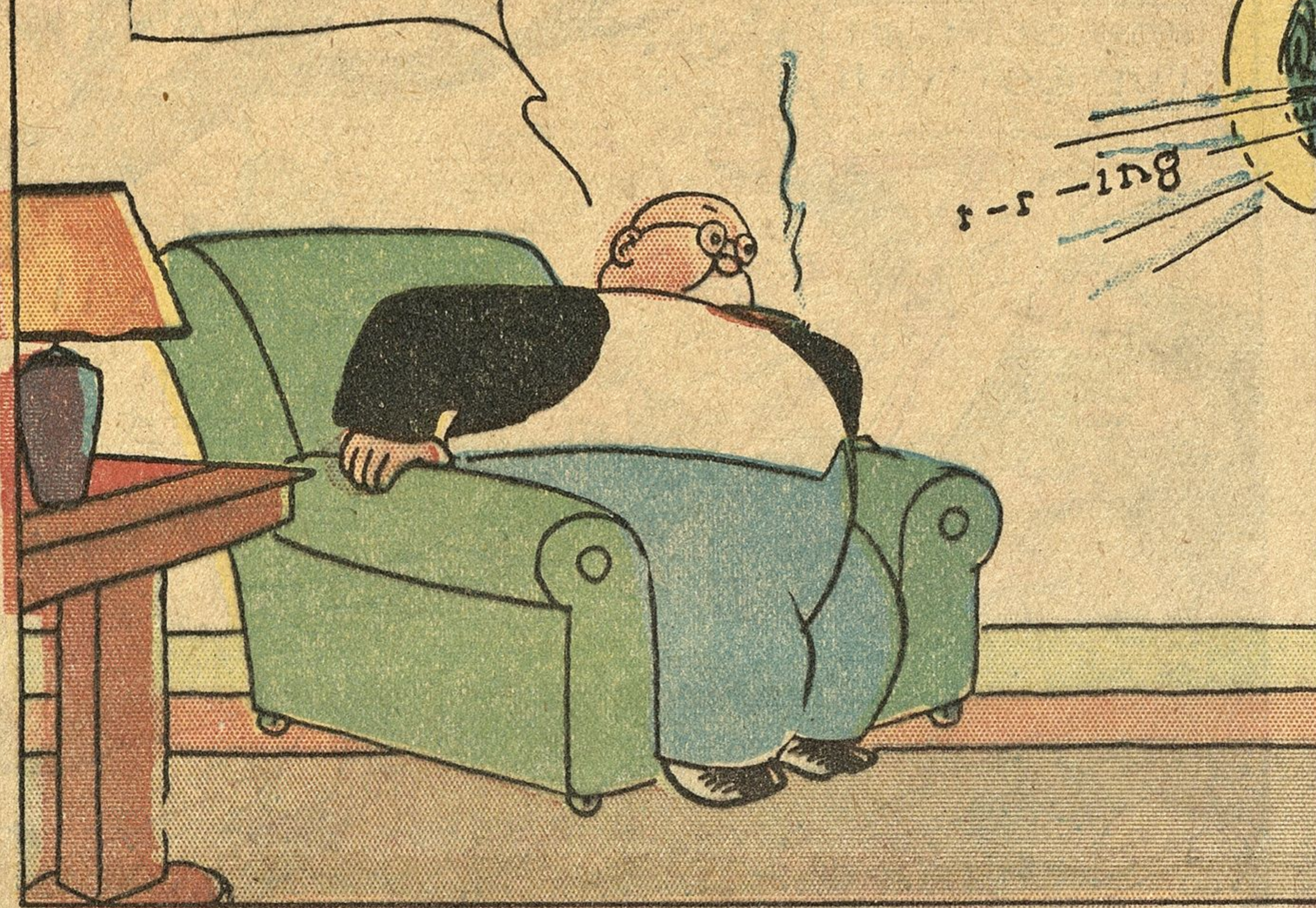
Vell, dot iss fine! I am a fellow vot hass no racial distinctions, vunce. Already today iss der time ven all nations und all peoples shpeak der same langvidge—



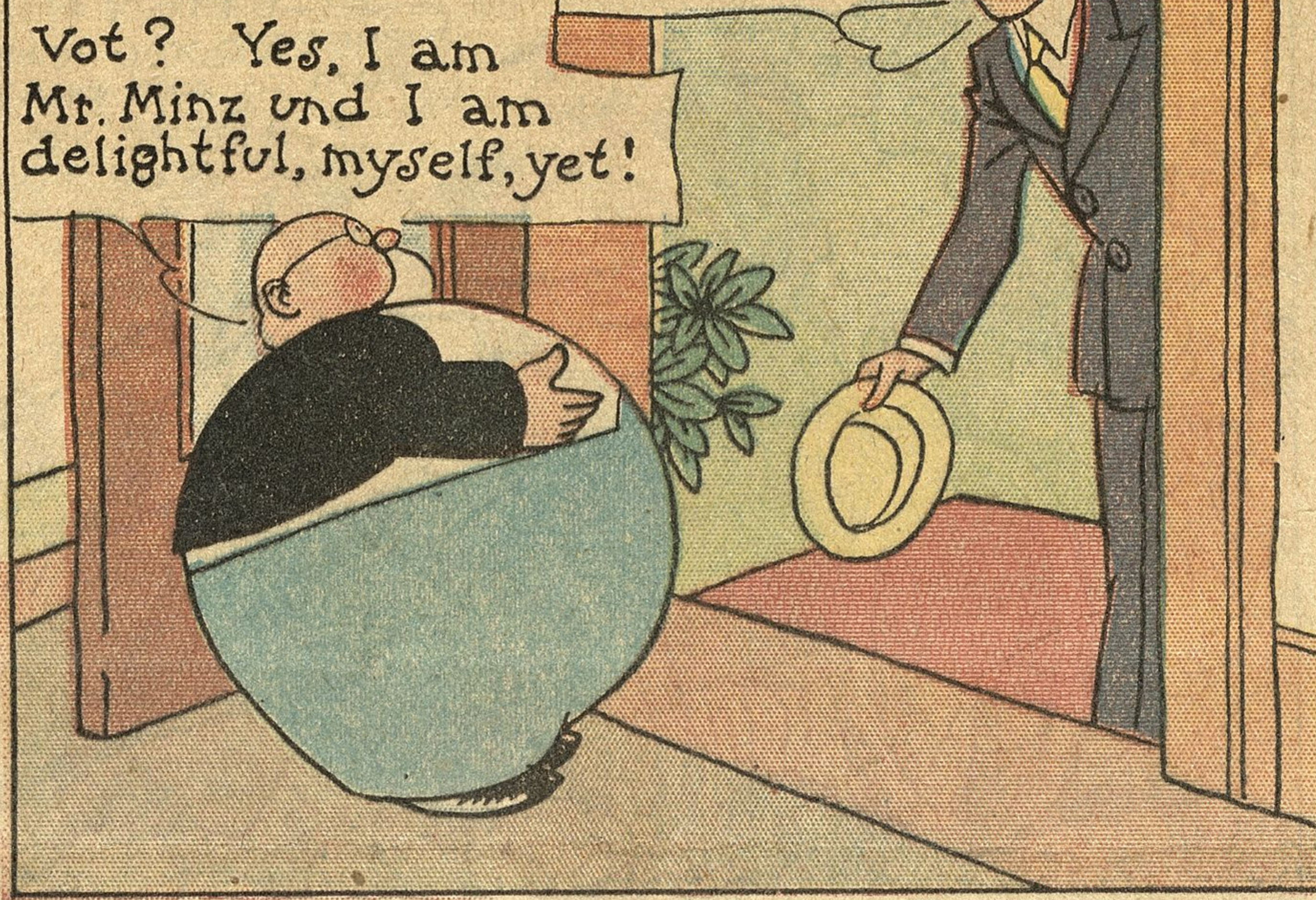
Und it iss high time, yet, dot mutval understanding should reign among all der —



Dot iss probably dot young fellow —

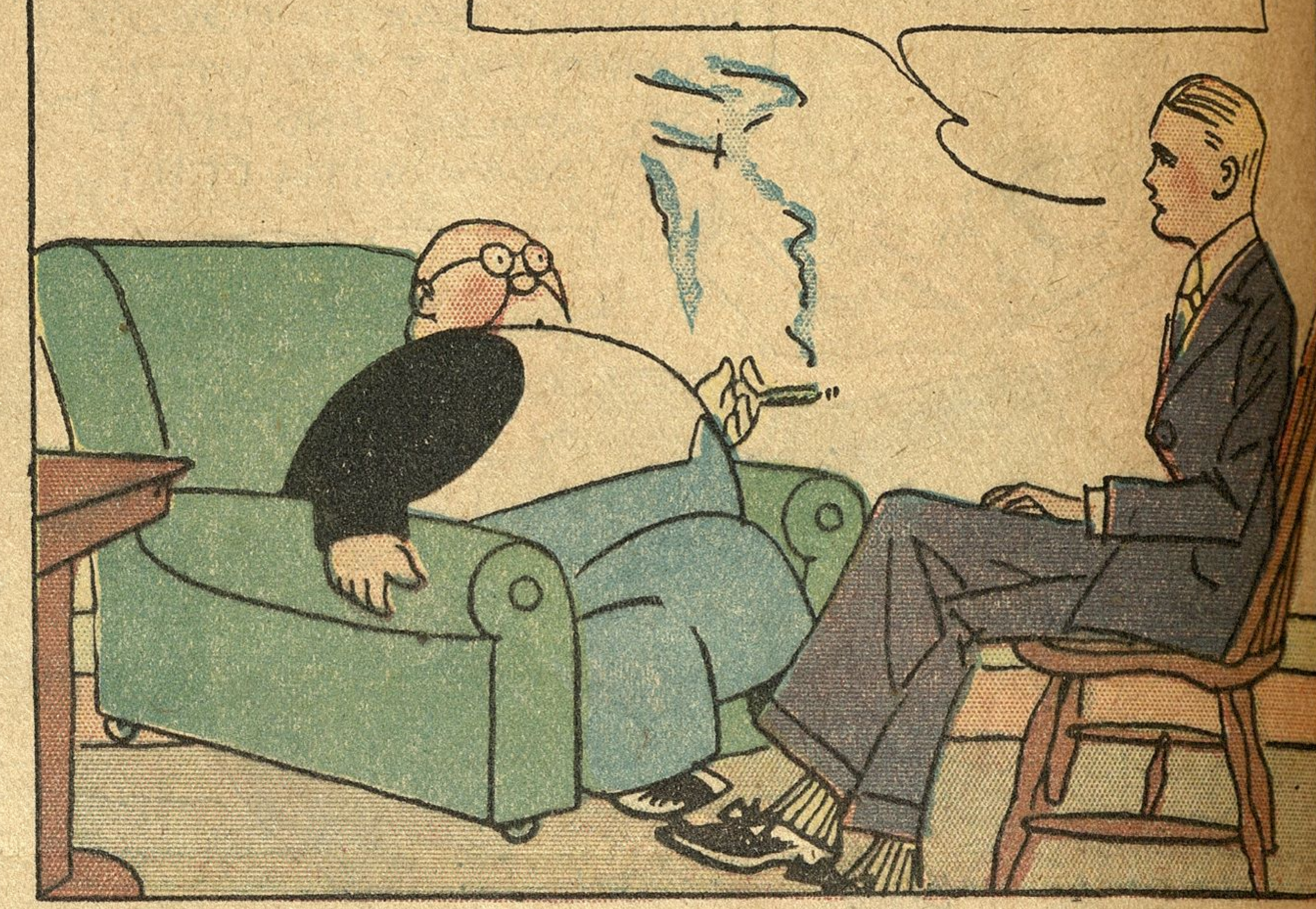


Excuse, please, chentleman—you haff been Mr. Minz, already? I am delicious to meet you!

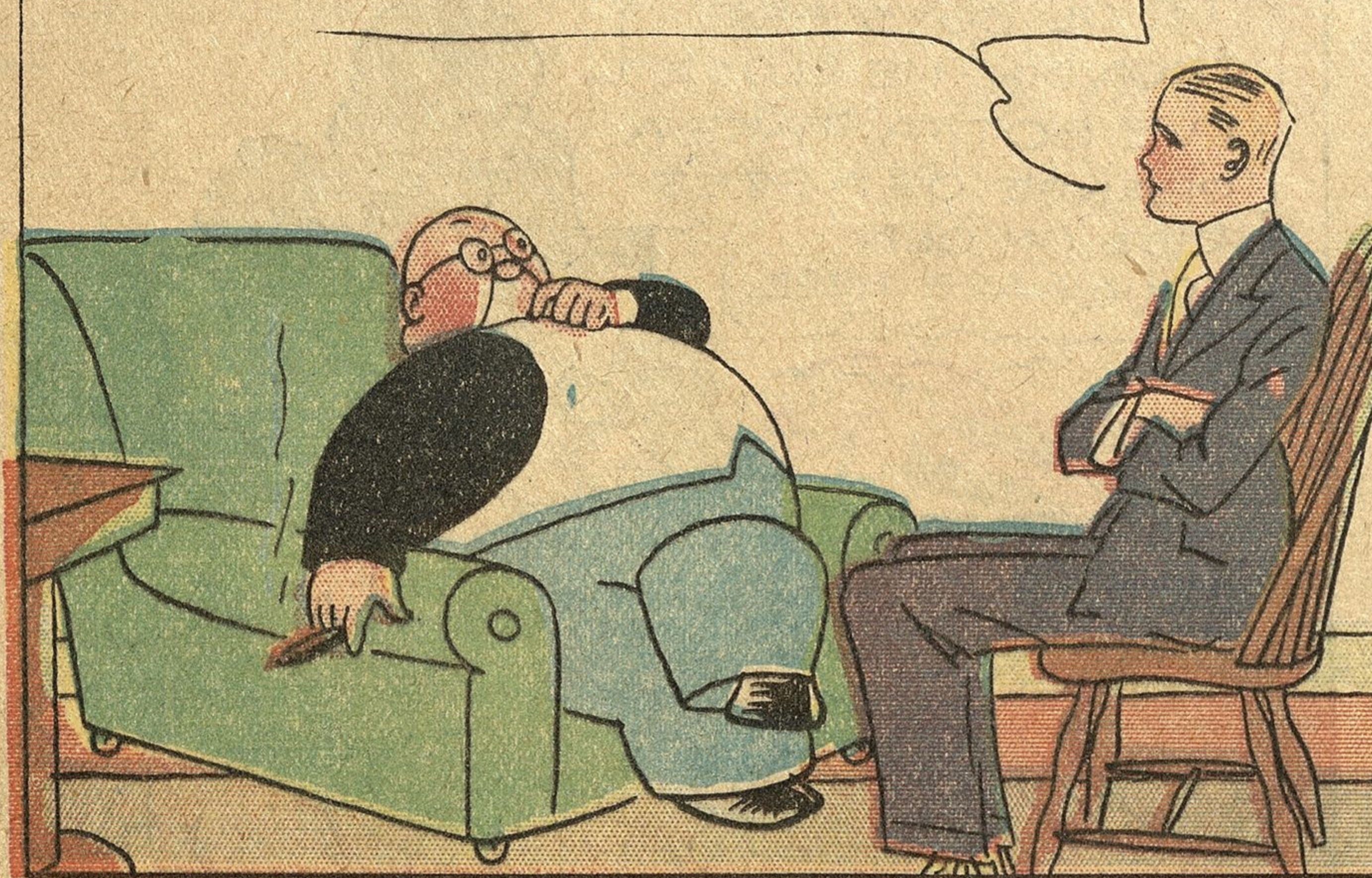


Vot? Yes, I am Mr. Minz und I am delightful, myself, yet!

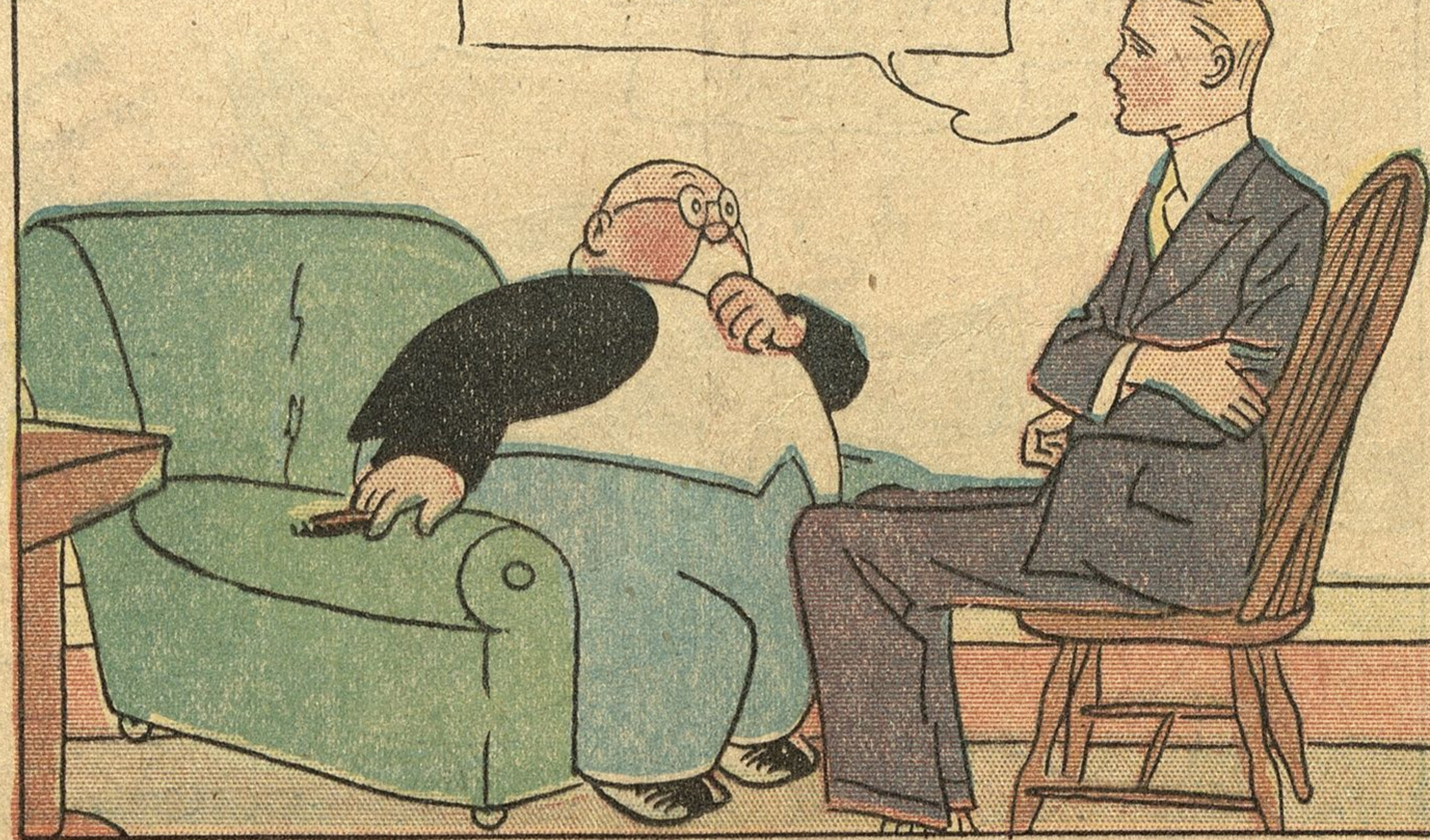
Tonight, vunce, it iss a fine day, aint you?



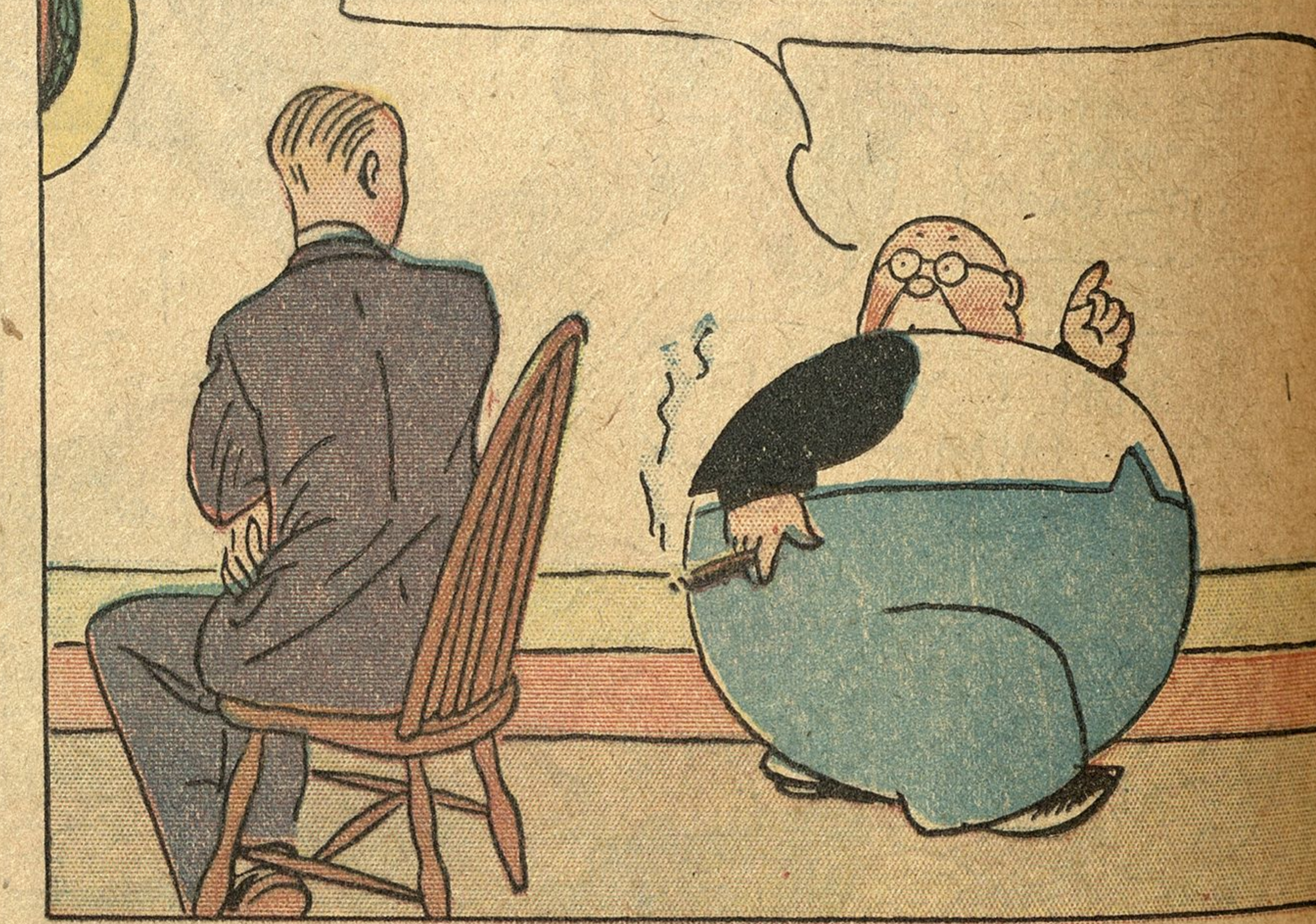
But mebbe tomorrow, I bet you ve might haff some rain



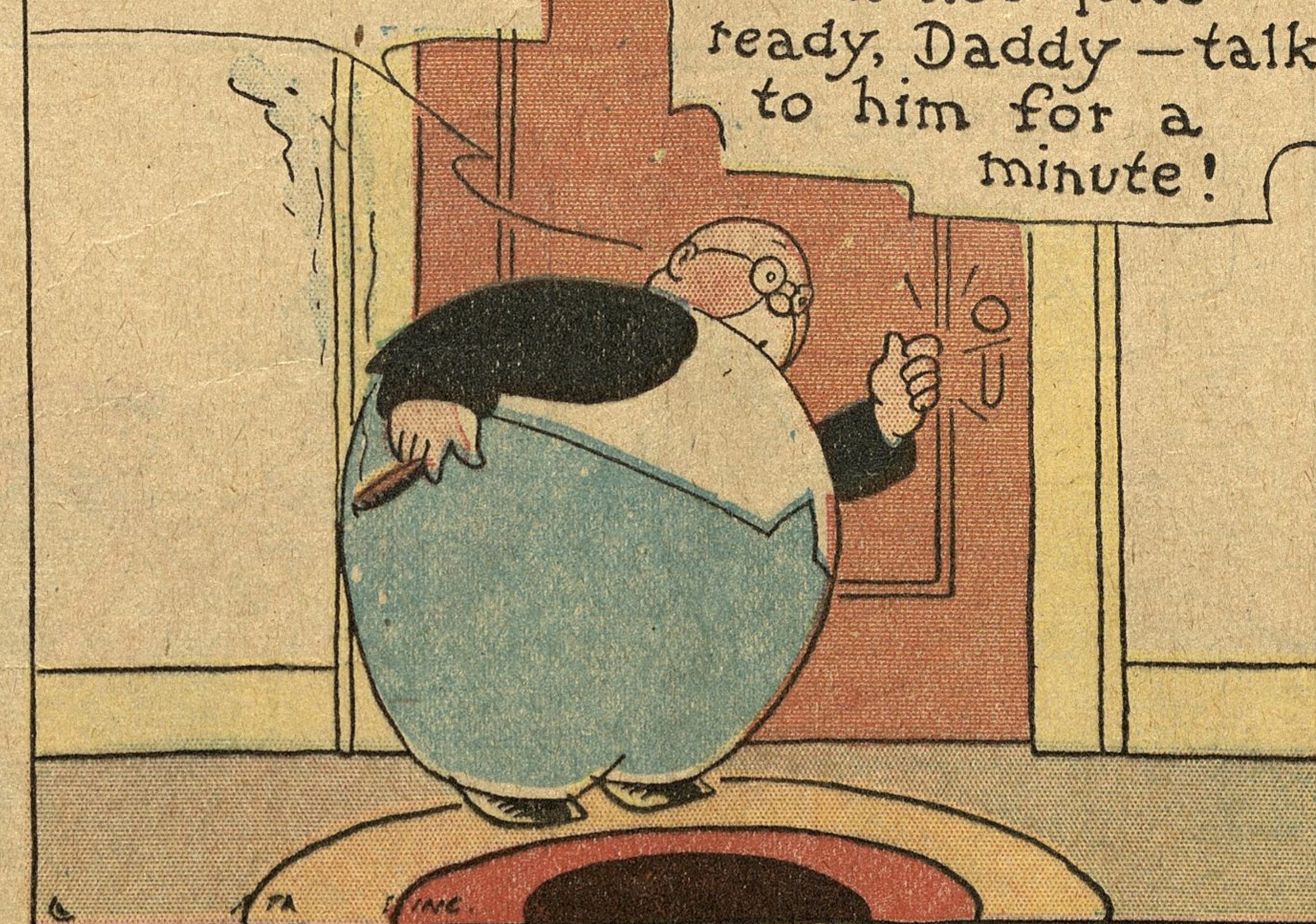
Und dot vould be chust vot ve need mit all der farmers' croops drying gup!



Excuse, please — I vould tell my daughter dot you haff came!

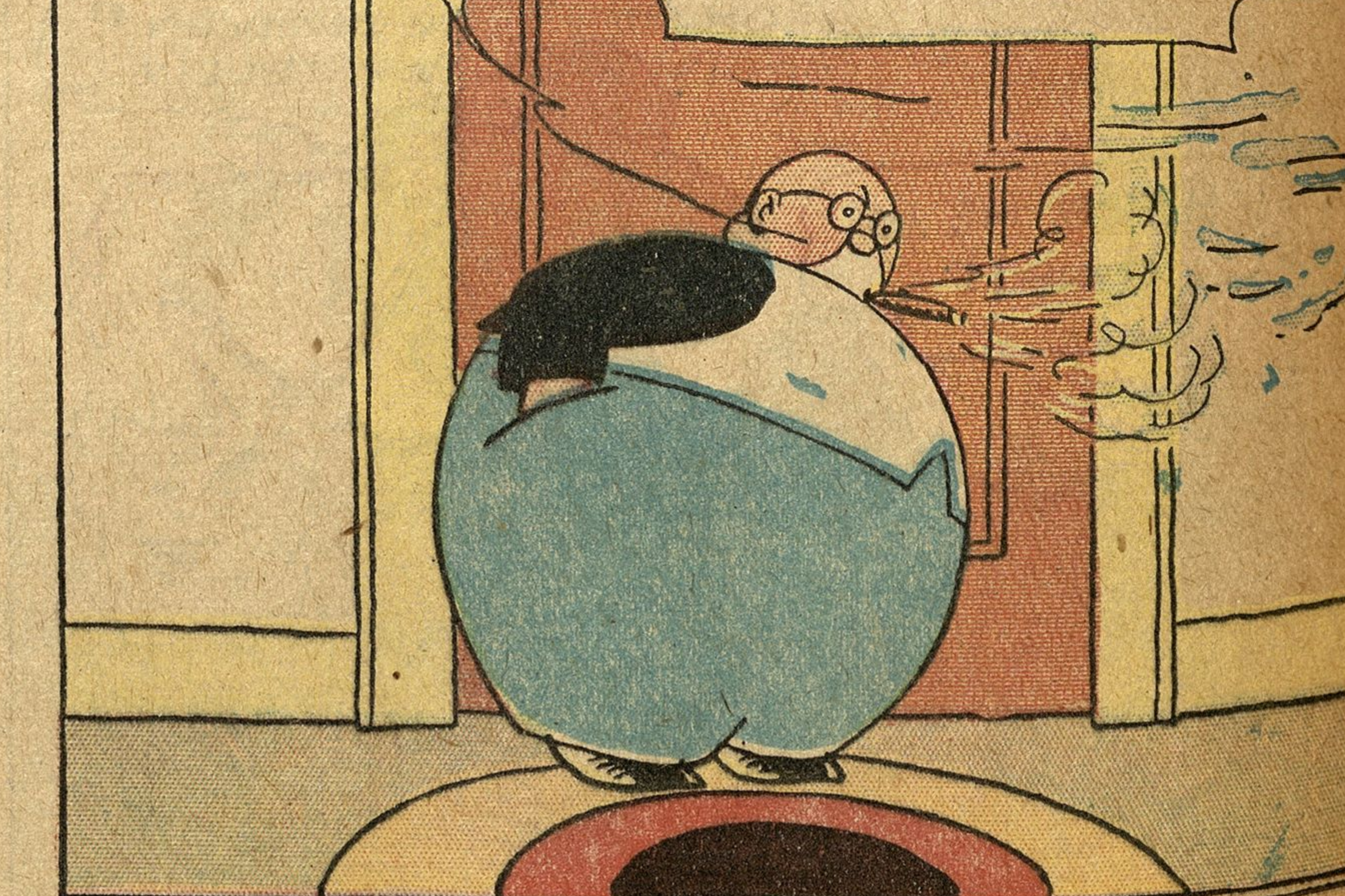


Your boy friend hass arrived!



I'm not quite ready, Daddy—talk to him for a minute!

I did—but he shpeaks so little English I couldn't hardly understand nothing vot he said!



TRAVELOGUE.
EDUCATIONAL FILM —
A - THE WORLD'S
FREE POT. ONE REEL.

YES INDEED, I'VE TRAVELED EXTENSIVELY.



ZAT SO?



YES, YES, — I SPENT THREE YEARS IN JAVA.



SO? WHAT DOIN'?



SELLING OVERCOATS.



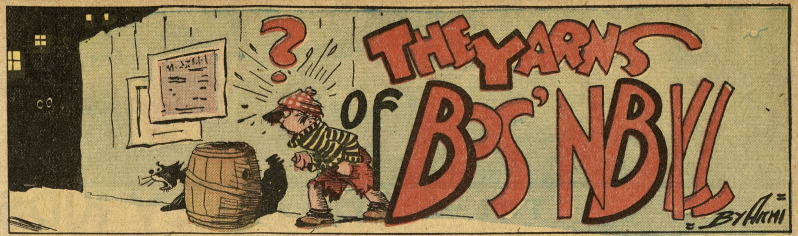
MY GOODNESS, IT NEVER GETS COOL IN JAVA. WHY, A JAVA GUY WOULD ROAST IN AN OVERCOAT.



SURE, — I SOLD 'EM TO GUYS WHO WANTED TO COMMIT SUICIDE.



TIM'S ADVENTURE

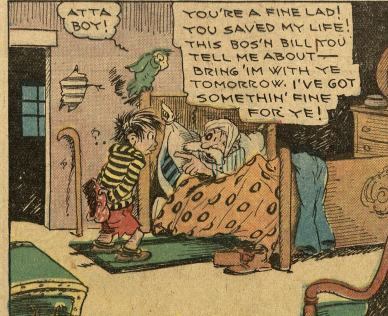
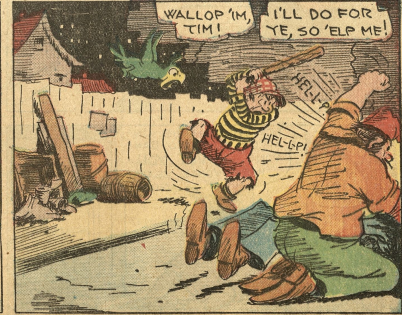
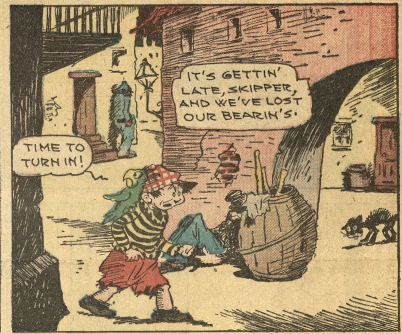
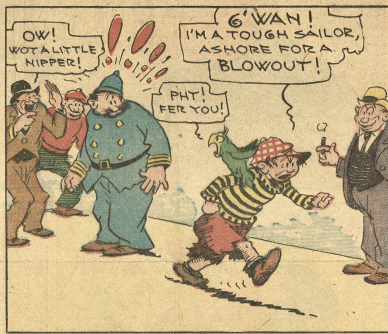


One day, while th' Lanui was lyin' at th' docks in Sidney, Tim, with his parrot pal, went ashore to see what he could see. I'll let Tim tell what happened to him that day.

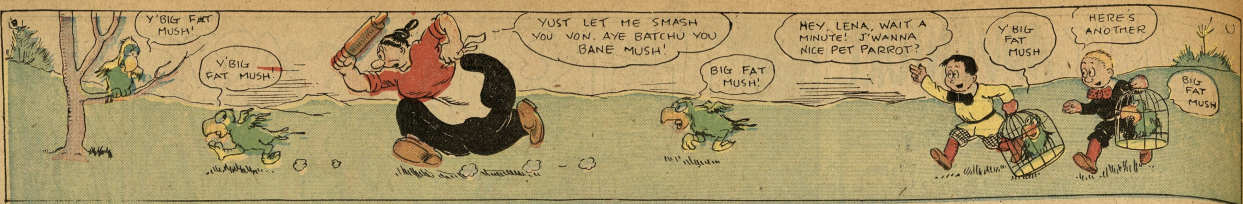
"I'll bet lots of kids would've liked to have been me while Skipper'n I was takin' in th' sights of Sidney. (Chee, it was swell! Once a big swab of a policeman asked me if I was lost. Th' nerve of him! You bet cher neck I told 'im wot was wot and Skipper gave 'im th' raspberry. My eye, wot a go! Skipper'n I had a barrel o' fun. We sunk a couple of verriller sodys, an' some candy, an' a sack o' peanuts. We wuz feelin' pretty good by that time, so we walked around lookin' for somethin' to - and, crapes, wot a lark! The first thing I knew it was gettin' late. Bill had

told me to be back before dark, so Skipper'n I hit for th' docks. I'd kinda lost my bearin's, and was tryin' to figger out where th' docks wuz, when from out of a dark alley a feller started yellin' for help. I grabbed up a piece o' board and scooted into th' alley. And so 'elp me, there was a big swab beatin' an ol' feller squawkin' awful. Skipper squawkin' at me to wallop 'im, so I cracked th' big ba-boon over th' head. You'd have lafter yersef sick 't' see th' way that feller scooted, with Skipper'n squawkin' and nippin' at his ears.

"I helped th' old gent to his room and got him to bed. He said I was a fine lad for savin' his life; that he was goin' 't' do somethin' fine fer me, and that next day I was to come to see him and bring Bill along. Chee, wot a go!



SOME LITTLE OLD FIXER. **TRA-LA-LA-TRA-LA-LEE-** **HI-DEE-DUM-** **HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOWN TO THAT SACHAL?** **FIXIN' 'EM UP.** **WHAT ARE YOU COUGH SYRUP?** **COUGH SYRUP?** **SORE IT'S GOOD FOR THE GRIPPE**



TIM -- THE KELLY KIDS -- TOM

